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P. 35
V. 16

The hilistine

A Periodical of Protest.

*Never explain, never regret, never apologize—get
the thing done and let them howl!*

—Rev. Dr. Benjamin Jewer



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MARCH, 1903 * * *

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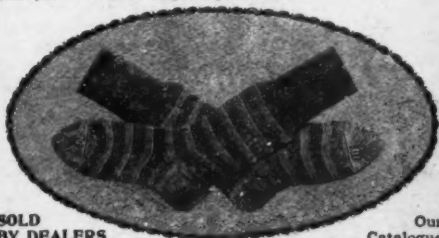
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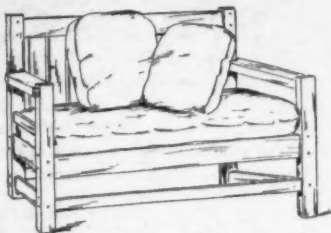
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HERE be some who need a guide to guide them out of hell, but he who guides proves thus of hell his deeper knowledge; and if he be willing to guide, that he knows something likewise of heaven.

There is no death but hate. When I hate a fellow-creature I am heart-stricken with the knowledge of the dying of the divine within me.

Whoso sins let him sin with his whole consciousness and with the consent of his best or his worst self. Sin is a too piercing quality of life to demand less, and great is he who can refuse to sin. Yet there be some souls indeed that are created by it alone. Thus is its origin proved divine.

When evolution produced a man, his thoughts, such as they were, were his own. Ours are his and the countless thoughts of millions. Yet am I myself. I have no counterpart.

Greater is it to be loved whole-heartedly by a dog than half-heartedly by man or woman. But to Love man or woman with the Whole Heart is greatest.

“I think there is no unreturn'd love.”—W. W.

I can be friend to whom I will, nothing and no one can prevent and death only fulfills. And my friendship so environs him to whom I am friend as to affect, though I will it not, the quality of his day. Yet may he never know why the sunshine is more golden, the wind wilder and purer, the night more set with stars; nor yet that together we face the storm and boldly and joyously abandon ourselves to its wrestle. Thus is my love returned.

ELIZABETH H. BOWLE.



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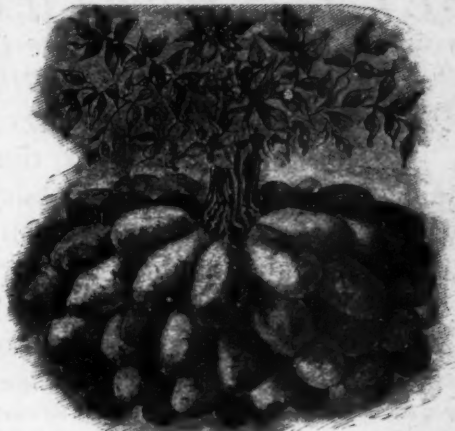
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The Philistine

Vol. 16

MARCH, 1903

No. 4

Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of His Flock

You would better learn to accept all the small misfits and the trivial annoyances of life as a matter of course. To allow them to receive attention beyond their deserts is to wear the web of your life to the warp. Be on the lookout for the great joys and never let mosquitoes worry you into a passion.



NCE upon a day I visited that magnificent store of Marshall Field & Company in Chicago.

I was being conducted over the place by Mr. Selfridge, one of the partners and managers of the institution. We were passing through the Glassware Department and had stopped for a moment to examine a case of rare and beautiful treasures. Near-by a man was standing on a step-ladder adjusting the lights of a chandelier that was just above the case of glassware.

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

We passed along, but had not gone twenty feet before there was a terrific crash, and as I turned and looked back, I saw that the man on the ladder had lost his balance and fallen directly into the case, not only wrecking it completely, but evidently smashing everything in it. As the luckless fellow scrambled to his feet Selfridge said, "Oh, he 's not hurt—as I was just saying" * * * * and he continued the conversation and we walked along just as if a thousand dollars' worth of Belgium art treasures had not been smashed into smithereens.

Selfridge did n't go back to inquire into the accident, neither did he refer to the mishap. And while I held my peace, I kept up a deal of thinking.

And what I thought was this: The man who is not surprised nor disturbed by broken china or other accidents, proves his fitness to manage the biggest enterprise of its kind in America, ¶ Had Selfridge gone back and started a series of questions, and indulged in reproof, with a few incidental groans at the loss, and a small bit of profanity for everybody involved, it would n't have replaced the glass.

It would, however, have increased the excitement, attracted others to the scene, and tended to clog the wheels of trade.

And another thing, a good man cannot afford to let accidents disturb his peace of mind and unfit him for the work of the day. **THE PHILISTINE**

Selfridge is managing a great business, and his problem is to get the system right. Let the man in charge of the Glassware Department look after his breakage, and so long as he shows a fair profit on the right side, at the end of the year, why that is all there is about it.

We deal with principles, not accidents.

Broken crockery? Who cares a dam for broken crockery! Is n't all crockery and glassware made to break? It is all foredoomed, and the fate of every fragile thing is fixed in the book of fate ***

Let them clean up the mess—and quickly too.

Men are only great as they possess sympathy, and that which causes a man to center in himself, taking a satisfaction in the security he has attained for the good things of this world, or another, is not wholly good.



HERE is a woman in Kansas City who writes me a letter now and then—a great woman, the wife of a great man. I answer when the spirit prompts or not at all—it is

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

no matter. This woman is a Hittite from Gaza, with an intellect like a scalpel, but a heart that always administers a lulling and loving anæsthetic ere she explores your soul-cavity with a psychic sound.

Here is a taste of her quality that was in her last letter: "I see the newspapers are saying Things about you; also that there be a goodly Pack of Enemies hot upon your trail.

¶ "I congratulate you.

"'To achieve an enemy is distinction; to be great is to be misunderstood.' Have I quoted you, yourself, or Emerson? It matters not either way, for it proves I am a fool and get my thoughts at second-hand instead of mining them out for myself. I am as big as you, and I hate you because you are constantly writing the things I know, and have been intending to express.

"But about your enemies, some of them will live in history simply because they have thrust a spear into your side: they have linked their names with yours, as Wilkes Booth riveted his name with hoops of steel to that of Lincoln. I congratulate your enemies—and you. I wish some one would hate you enough to assassinate you. Then you would be saved from a possible complete success, be saved from the

damning danger of a fantastic smugosity. * * THE PHI-

LISTINE
"I wish you were dead and that your stiffened fingers held nothing but that which you have given away. I would then stand by your bier and uncovering your proud face, would caress that cold brow, and say, 'Here lie the ruins of the noblest man, who, in modern days, lived amid the tide of times.'

"But that felicity being denied me, I can only tremble for your welfare. All this persecution and stupid misunderstanding you enjoy will probably be construed by you as proof, and rightly, that you are doing something and are some Great One. And when this happens you are undone, unhorsed, ditched, sunk in forty thousand fathoms, and woe is me for having hitched my wagon to a comet when I thought it was a star."



To me, the love of man for woman is as sacred a thing as Christ's love for the Church. Indeed we would know nothing of love did we not see it manifest in man; and the only reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love on earth. The thought of the love of God cannot be grasped in the slightest degree even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love.

THE PHI-
LISTINE



HEN Sir Humphrey Davy was asked what he considered his greatest discovery, he replied, "Michael Faraday."

"There is nothing equal to a man-hunt," said Kitchener, and Kitchener is right. To discover a man; to introduce him to the world—to introduce him to himself—there is no greater achievement!

In that most inspiring book, "The Empire of Business," Mr. Carnegie voices a deathless truth when he says that the amount of work any one man can do is very slight. The foreman who wants to do all the work himself is not of much value, but the genius that can discover other men is priceless.



Find your joy in what you do, not in what you intend to do.



IN Dedham, Mass., not far from Boston, there exists one of the most useful and unique organizations in America. I refer to the Dedham Society for the Detection and Apprehension of Horse Thieves. The D. S. D. A. H. T. was organized in 1799, con-

sequently it has existed for 103 years, a mathematical calculation which I trust will not be gainsaid, nor met by quibble and unkind comment.

Bishop Potter has recently proven to us in his lecture at Duluth, that the thing which exists, exists because it is needed. The fact that a thing is, is its excuse for being.

The flourishing condition of the Dedham Society shows its inherent vitality—I trust I use the right expression—and the further fact that its members are made up of the Pillars of Society, reveals its grand and lofty purpose—if I may be allowed the phrase.

At its inception eleven men met in the village tavern and banded themselves in solemn compact to neither eat nor sleep—broadly speaking—until the community was ridden of Horse Thieves. As the danger from Horse Thieves gradually decreased, the membership enlarged until after a period of twenty-four years the number had increased to thirty-five, and included the very flower and pick of the vigor, manhood and rising youth of the vicinity—if the seeming tautology of the rhetoric may be pardoned.

The present membership of the Society is a little over two hundred. It includes every clergy-

THE PHI- LISTINE

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

man, all the lawyers. each of the doctors — barring Homeopathists—that reside in the town. The Society owns its Club House, free from debt. This Club House has a library that contains a copy of every treatise ever written on horse-thievery, a lecture hall and a kitchen where Chicken Pie Socials are promulgated, under proper safeguards. Exalted themes of ethical import—if I may use the language of the poet—are discussed at intervals.

At the last annual "Association"—a sort of reunion of all members and their families—a resolution was introduced suggesting that the Society had outlived its original excuse for being, and therefore should be disbanded.

Action was at once taken on the motion, and the man who made it. The presumptuous one made his escape by the back way, through the connivance of friends.

Order being finally restored, the record of the man was inquired into, and it was shown to the satisfaction of all that his great-grandfather was an H. T. Then his name was stricken from the Roster, and a resolution of regret was passed that such an Enemy of Society should ever have been allowed in the Fold.

A careful canvass of the members shows that nine out of the two hundred own horses—all

the others having wheels, automobiles, or being commuters.

THE PHILISTINE

But loyalty to the Original Purpose is strong in the hearts of all. No revision of the Charter has ever been made, and all attempts to change it so as to have it harmonize with the erroneously so-called New Thought of the day, have been promptly voted down.

A peculiar feature of Deadum is that its citizens are divided into two distinct factions, those who are Members of the Society for the Detection and Detention of Horse Thieves, and those who are not. Those who do not belong are regarded as H. T.'s by those who do. This, of course, has the effect of causing the New Generation -- or those who can afford it -- to prove their proper worth and get their names in the Lamb's Book of Life as rapidly as possible. ¶ The only live Horse Thief ever seen in Dedum by the present generation, was a Reformed One who performed a part in Joe Murphy's drama of "Kerry Gow." But should an H. T. appear, Dedamn will expect every man to do his Duty, if I may be allowed to use the words of one long turned to dust.



Here is the formula for hate: Keep your eye on each other's deficiencies.

THE PHI-
LISTINE



XCUSE this smile, but I really just this moment thought of it. I know I am slow—I used to live in Camden, New Jersey—but do you remember when Dr. Herron and Miss Rand were married about a year ago? Well, you know they had n't much respect for form and ceremony, and they were going to have just the simplest sort of a wedding. So it happened that they casually let their friends know that on a certain hour there would be something doing at the "Schuyler," West Forty-fifth Street. About fifty bushy Apostles of the Better Day dropped in, when Dr. Herron appeared from a side door in a bath robe. From the other side came Miss Rand in bicycle costume as if she had just happened along accidentally. Dr. Herron then made a speech on Union Labor, after which Miss Rand addressed the Chair. Then all the company rose and recited "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," in concert. When they were again seated, the Rev. William T. Brown delivered a funeral oration, after which all adjourned to the dining room. Here Richard Le Gallienne led off with a love story that occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio where the course of true love never runs smooth—there being so many curves. Follow-

ing this the tousled ones took a hand, with the souls in their degree. And it was two A. M. before the couple were finally married by Dickie of the Eternal Quest and the dog-wood blossoms on the mantel.

THE PHI- LISTINE

Dickie and several others of the Frowsy Ones made up good copy of the occasion; and the wires were kept warm flashing the news from Skowhegan to Seattle.

And there was only one thing that escaped the clever writers in describing the simplicity of the occasion, and that was how Dr. Herron and his bride in doing away with form and ceremony, instituted a more elaborate celebration than mufti ever devised.

To get married was very beautiful and right, but why drag in Wilshire and the Frowsy Fraternity?



The author who has not made warm friends and then lost them in an hour by writing things that did not agree with the preconceived ideas of those friends, has either not written well or not been read. Every preacher who preaches ably has two doors to his church; one where he attracts people in, and the other through which he preaches them out. Still, there is recompense in the thought that people

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LISTINE

who walk out with unnecessary clatter often are found before many moons again tiptoeing in. Yet I do not see how any man, though he be divine, could hope, or expect, to have as many as twelve disciples, for three years and not be denied, doubted and betrayed. If you have thoughts and speak them frankly, Golgotha for you is not far away.



UT for woman I would have fled the faber and taken to trade long ago. Possibly I would still be riding one of McCormick's patent carriages, arguing ethics with the soulful bronc, pushing lumber on the docks at Green Bay, or stirring the saponaceous kettle to the lascivious pleasings of the gelt.

Yes, it was a woman made me think. A pretty girl who waited on a boarding-house table at Davenport (or was it Rock Island?), gave me thrills whenever she passed the biscuit, others like her set my blood a-gallop, but it was a plain, unpretentious, serious, modest, dignified, gentle and honest woman made me think.

They say Cleopatra was plain, and George Eliot was worse than that — you know how Elizabeth Barrett looked, and have you ever seen a pic-

ture of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley? # # # **THE PHI-
LISTINE**

The man who passes out of the barbaric stage demands as his divine right something more than physical perfection. The rose-blush of nature or the druggist will not do; the arts of the modiste and manicure pall; and all that corsets cover and confine, or daring dress-makers divulge, are not enough to hold a man when he for the first time sees the heavens studded with stars, and realizes that he is a living soul.

Then it is that he looks for a mirror in which he will see his ideals reflected. Alone he is only half a man—it takes two to make the whole—and the woman a thinking man loves is the key to his code, his vindication, his explanation, his certificate of character, his testimonial, his passport to Paradise.

She is his Other Self.

If it was woman that put man out of Paradise, it is still woman, and woman only, who can lead him back. She alone redeems him—the judge will look at her, not him, and if she is one worthy of a great man's love, the Gates of Immortality will swing wide, and God will smile in self-satisfaction at His work, and in benediction upon the only thing that the angels covet.

Quartrains of Omar:

Translated by Richard Le Gallon.

**Now as we watch the bitter minutes
fleet
Adown the long Rope-ladder of Defeat,
We fill the Cup with Juice of This and
That,
And run the Gauntlet with our Hands
and Feet.**

I

**Awake! no mourning o'er the Bowl of Night,
A High Ball now will put you to the Right,
And say! this Hunter from the East has got
The Bats within my Turret put to flight.**

II

**And, as the Cock crew, those who stood within
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Vin
You know how little left we have to pay
But once departed, we'll return agin."**

III

**Now the New Year, reviving old Resolves,
The Penitent once more the Question solves;
Meets the Glad Hand of Dives by the Way,
Cuts in, and Jesus! how the Ground Revolves.**

IV

**The Vinous Sign is purpling on his Nose
And Jimjams Sev'n-Ring'd Circus now up-
shows**

But while the Wine the Roof-top Garden **THE PHI-**
yields, **LISTINE**
He'll seek no Garden where the Water flows.

V

One for the Glories of this World and One,
Will, for his Profits Paradisewards run;
O blow the Cash and let your Credit go
Nor heed the shout of R. G. Dun & Co.

VI

The Wise have husbanded the Golden Grain,
Whilst we have flung it down our throats like
Rain,
Belike some aureate dust we must upturn
As, Busted once, Man must Dig up again.

VII

As then the Julep for my morning cup,
Its Heav'nly Mintage from the Bar looks up.
Do you devoutly stick to it till 'leven,
You'll be inverted—like a Poisoned Pup.

VIII

Let's have another of the long drawn Rye,
My Clay with long Abstention is gone dry
We'll fill up on the old Familiar Juice—
Methinks I'll take Another bye-and-bye.

IX

High Ball no question makes of Eyes and Nose,
But Here and There we strike the one that goes

THE PHI- Right to the Spot and throws us in the air
LISTINE He knows about it all— He Knows, He Knows.

X

I tell you this,—I started in my teens,
To Burn my Guilders with the Jacks and
Queens,
Till Heaven pardoned—and the Mustard flung
In my predestined Pot of Pork and Beans.

XI

Snakes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That crawled along the floor and up the wall,
And some loquacious Reptiles were, and some
Wriggled perhaps, but were not there at all.

XII

Then said a second—"Ne'er a peevish Wag
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
his Jag.
And he that with his hand the Vessel filled
Will surely not thereafter Chew the Rag!"

XIII

After a monetary silence spake
A Vassal of a most ungainly make;
"They swear at me for leaning toward the Rye,
What! did the Hand then on the Bottle shake?"



000000



Y.M.M.

What We Believe

GOOD Phillistines endeavor to eliminate hate, fear, prejudice and whim. They greet the day with gladness, because it gives them an opportunity to work. They do not try to kill time, so time does not try to kill them. They take their medicine, when Fate sends it, and make no wry face, and if they possibly should have a tumble now and then, they are always up before the Referee counts ten. They seek to be truthful, simple, direct, moderate, minding their own business and not bothering other folks any more than they have to. They believe in useful industry, good cheer, fresh air, sound sleep, good digestion and kind thoughts; and they believe that the mental attitude of good will, courtesy and reciprocity will bring the best possible results that are to be obtained by anybody, either in this World or Another.

Who the Philistines are

OUR Life Membership includes two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, eight Senators, thirty-one Congressmen, eight Railroad Presidents, nineteen General Passenger Agents, lawyers to incinerate, scores of preachers, all the big doctors, and the chief artists, actors and literary workers of England and America. The list is made up of men and women who think, feel and sympathize. They do not necessarily take all they read in the "Philistine" as gospel, no, but they like it because it makes them think.



Life Members

SELDOM die and never resign. They are loyal, royal Roycroft rooters forevermore; and they are the only traveling men that Philistia employs. The cost is just Ten Dollars with no further dues for ninety-nine years. Are you on the wire for Love, Health and Success Vibrations?

How We Do It

WELL, every Life Member is a Missionary. As a matter of reciprocity, wherever he goes, he is bringing in the halt and lame. He has received much—therefore he gives much. It is all a labor of love. He attends the Pastor's lectures, pays a dollar a seat, takes his friends; when he buys books for wedding, birthday or anniversary presents they are always Roycroft books; he patronizes Philistine advertisers; orders now and then for his library or den a piece of Roycroft furniture; and when he finds a book, say like *Contemplations*, he always passes it along to Her. No compulsion in all this, mind you, no obligation, just a matter of good fellowship. Philistines are not wasteful, but they are the most liberal people on earth. They are successful—all good things flow to them. It is the mental attitude does it, the attitude of courage, good cheer, health, strength and kindness. The man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid, is rich, for all good things are his by divine right. Get in line with the health Vibrations!

An Investment in Immortality

A LIFE Membership in Philistia, otherwise called the American Academy of Immortals, secures to you all back numbers of the "Philistine" magazine we have on hand, and one copy of the magazine as issued for 99 years, but no longer; all "Little Journeys" beginning with current volume; the bound volumes of the "Philistine" as fast as issued and also other valuable specimens of literature and the printing art. *The bound volumes and the Roycroft Books that are sent to each new member are worth, at regular prices more than Ten Dollars. One payment does the trick for 99 years.*
Address

THE PHILISTINE,

East Aurora, N. Y.









NOT long ago, a woman going through from New York to Chicago, stopped off at Buffalo, and came out to visit the Roycroft Shop. She had only recently come over to the Lord's side, so everything in Sun-up was very new and novel, just as it would be to a "sheep" recently arrived in heaven.

Among other things that seemed curious to this woman were the notices on the bulletin board. One such announcement reads, "Class in Greek History meets tonight at 7:30 in the Oak Room."

Now, this woman's husband is an instructor in History in Columbia University, and when she saw that particular notice she was especially interested.

"Who teaches that Class?" she asked of the girl who was acting as guide.

"Mr. McVulcan, the blacksmith," was the answer.

"What! a blacksmith teaching Greek History?"

¶ "Why, yes, of course."

"Show him to me."

So the two tramped back to the McVulcan Studio, and there was the blacksmith and his busy helpers pounding away on the anvils.

"That is the man," said the guide, who thought

THE PHI- the visitor wanted to talk with this volunteer
LISTINE school-teacher.

"No, I do not wish to speak with him, I might be disappointed. I just want to go away and remember that here a man may be a teacher of History and something more."

"You mean a blacksmith and something more," answered the guide with a smile.

"No, I mean what I say, and it implies no slight upon my husband, either. He often bemoans the fact that he can only talk—he cannot do things."

Another thing that surprised this visitor was that an East Aurora preacher was also there at work, handling the big sledge, acting as the blacksmith's helper.

And the woman went away full of the thought that she had caught a glimpse of Utopia.

But it was n't Utopia—it was only a finger on a mile-post pointing the way.

If a man works ten hours at heavy manual labor, the probabilities are that he has little vitality left for thought. And who can wonder that if, too often, when the day's work is done, he seeks forgetfulness from his sore joints in strong drink! And then most certainly he has no mind for books.

So we look at the man as he nods in his chair

at eventide and we say he is stupid—he lacks **THE PHI-**
sparkle. And surely he does fall far short of being **LISTINE**
clever.

He has had too much of a good thing.

And so has the soft, yellow, lily-fingered dyspeptic whom the world calls cultured.

These men must come together, and each bear a portion of the other's burdens. They must clasp hands for mutual respect and mutual support, and then we will have two strong men instead of a couple of defectives.

And everywhere are the fingers on mile-posts pointing the way. We live in great times, Brother—your hand! your hand!

Now why was this woman surprised that a man should be a blacksmith and still teach a class in Greek History?

Is the making of useful things out of iron degrading?

Oh, no. Robert Collyer was a blacksmith. Elihu Burritt was a shoemaker. Paul was a tent-maker. Jesus was a carpenter.

The woman's surprise was simply an involuntary indictment of the social and economic conditions under which we live.

We have so separated things and divided them up, that for the most part, carpenters and blacksmiths are excluded from "good society." How

THE PHILISTINE would a blacksmith look wearing white kid gloves at a reception perfunk?

The idea of culture until yesterday was that if a man were cultured it was quite enough—he need not be useful. If a woman were pretty, let her sit around and look pretty. You might have stains on your soul, but God help you if you have any on your hands! This is extrication, separation—specialization carried to the limit of lunacy.

We are just getting back to sanity, and here was a woman surprised and delighted to find that culture and useful work were really not incompatible.

Manual Training is a necessary part of every man's education. All men should work with their hands. The trouble has been that we have given the work all to one set of men, and the culture to another set, and the result has been the degradation of both. It is as if you should make your dinner of either pie or pickles.



It is a curious fact (or it is n't) that of all the illusions that beset mankind none is quite so curious as that tendency to suppose that we are mentally and morally superior to those who differ from us in opinion.



WENTY years ago I was a Travelling Man.

THE PHILISTINE

I made the Michigan towns from Detroit to Bay City and Saginaw, then across to Grand Rapids, down to Three Rivers, and back by way of Kalamazoo, Jackson, and the present place of the Breakfast Foods, where they make Beesom, Balavorax and Helta-Skelta; then over to the jayhawker town of Ann Arbor where there was nothing but a school; on to Ypsilanti, the land of the Yagerites—union forever!

I wore a dinky derby, spring-bottom pants, a red necktie, a waxed mustache, and a Warm Vest that would have made that coat of Joseph seem like the silence. I used to have a new vest every trip, and it was always a miracle in chromatics.

But this was nothing to my smile—my smile was contagious—when I arrived in a place everybody smiled, and invited others to smile. The man who deals out Red Raven Splits smiled, the 'bus drivers glowed, the babies cooed, and the dining-room girls giggled, when I came to town ¶ That is what!

I scattered smiles, lilac-tinted stories, good cheer, and silver small change all over the route ¶ ¶

THE PHILISTINE Especially the stories—I always started out with three New Ones, and I told 'em from Detroit clear around to White Pigeon, and back. And I sold the Goods.

I did not merely lay corner-stones and get things in shape. I did not secure a promise of an order the next time. I did not fix the man for a future trade, and then brag about it.

Not I.

I got his name on the bottom of the order sheet.

¶ That is what I did.

Business was good up around that Saginaw country—it was the lumber! All the rivers were full of lumber booms. Business boomed, and I boomed business.

But there came a day when things began to relax. Timber was getting scarce, and there were dire reports of failures. You had to be careful to whom you sold. Whole towns quit business and moved away before you got back. They went where there was more timber. And as for the farmers, why, you can't farm to any advantage in a stump country! Where the trees were cut off, the man who owned the land was unfortunate. If you put your hand in his pocket you would be in debt.

Things were going to the devil—everybody said so.

And I gave the land of the Michiganders the cold shake ☞ That was eighteen years ago. **THE PHILISTINE**

Recently I went over that same route again. This time I was distributing the East Aurora Eloquence. I spoke at Lansing, Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Caro, Saginaw, Bay City, Owosso and Alma. At each place the size of the audience was limited by the capacity of the house. Talk about your palmy days of the New England Lyceum! At Owosso, for instance, there were fifteen hundred people in a church that was designed to seat a thousand. The people were well-dressed, appreciative, intelligent and prosperous. In each town I found the streets paved, new brick blocks were being built, there were trolley lines, public libraries, water works, electric plants, high schools and savings banks.

I looked for the lumber mills, but they were not there. Span-new brick and stone factories stood where the old sawmills once were.

"I thought this country was going to the devil!" I said to my friend Dr. George F. Butler, at Alma # #

"We thought so, too, but we were wrong," smiled the Doctor as he adjusted his diamond pin—"it is the sugar beets!"

THE PHILISTINE

The lumber business consists in cutting down trees. It is a process of destruction. The trees took Nature a hundred years or more to produce. And you can never grow a second crop of pine on the same land—the trees once gone are gone forever.

It was a man by the name of Bradley at Bay City, who conceived the idea of raising sugar beets in Michigan. All this prosperity was once an unspoken thought in the mind of this one man. He studied the chemical properties of the soil, and while making a trip through Germany he found out the sort of soil that was required to raise sugar beets. He put the two things together and hastened home with a valise full of beet seed.

In a year he had demonstrated that you could raise from six to ten tons of sugar beets on an acre of that lumber land; and those beets were worth five or six dollars a ton.

That was only six years ago and now there are fourteen beet sugar factories in Michigan, that each employs a capital of over six hundred thousand dollars. The total capital of these factories is nine million dollars.

In the season of 1902 there were seventy-one thousand acres in Michigan devoted to raising beets ❀ ❀

The amount of cash paid out to the farmers for beets was over four million dollars.

The amount paid out for labor in the factories was over a million and a half dollars.

The machinery used in these factories is the product of American labor.

A beet sugar factory can only thrive in a small town—in a big town the farming land that produces the beets makes too long a haul.

Beets grow in the ground.

Farmers raise beets.

Beets make sugar—the best that is.

Everybody uses sugar three times a day.

This sugar industry in a town means prosperity, education—pianos, books, schools and good roads ♣ ♣

Wherever there is a beet sugar industry, there are efforts being put forth in the line of macadamized roads.

Good roads in a farming country mean Civilization, and where the roads are poorest there the people are the most illiterate and barbaric.

¶ At Alma, Michigan, is a man by the name of A. W. Wright, eighty years young, who has shown the world what one man can do for the town in which he lives. This man was one of the first to recognize that sugar beets were a good thing for farmers to raise.

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

He imported beet seed from Germany and supplied the farmers, giving out literature on the subject and encouraging them in every way to do thorough and good work. Through the efforts of this man Wright a whole country has smiled with prosperity. He has dug ditches, graded roads, paved streets, built factories, hotels, a sanitarium, encouraged the schools and set thousands of men to work. And the result is that the farmers have paid up their mortgages, and the savings banks have so much money that they do not know what to do with it.

The hope of every country lies primarily in the farmers.

They are the men who fight freedom's battles—intellectual and otherwise. When the farmers are prosperous, everybody is prosperous who cares to be.

The strong men of the earth have ever come from the soil—every good thing comes out of the ground—humanity as well.

America has the soil and it has the men and women. Everything we need we can produce. And by shaping our political policy so as to work for peace—keeping out of all Old World complications—we can set the nations an example of beauty, civilization and manhood such as this tired old earth has never seen.



RECENTLY I telegraphed to Col. **THE PHI-
LISTINE**
B. Queer of Quincy, Massachu-
setts, that I would arrive in his
town the following day, to see
him on important business.

I duly reached Quincy at the time stated, spent the day, transacted my business, and as I was going away I saw an unopened telegram on the Colonel's table.

"There is a telegram for you—just been left, probably," I said.

"No," said the original Tony Lumpkin, "some dam fool sent that yesterday. I never open telegrams—never saw one yet that contained good news."

"Well," I said, "I'll open this one for you."

I opened the envelope and there was my message, sent the day before, announcing my coming.

"I told you I never saw a message that contained good news," said Col. Queer.



**Reversing your treatment of the man
you've wronged is better than asking
his forgiveness.**



Thackeray's man who wrote from the Debtor's Prison, in London, to the Prime Minister, ad-

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

vising him how to put the Empire on a strong financial footing, is a type. The professional reformer is very apt to be a man who cannot take care of himself; and everywhere you find folks who are intent on "doing good" to others who need a guardian. Nothing is so depressing as these busy, fussy, anxious neurasthenics intent on benefiting mankind. Man's first duty is to himself, then out of the surplus of his energy let him do for others. Cultivate poise; be strong — be yourself; and your example will benefit and bless.

All thrifty poets now know full well that there is no money in the business unless they utilize the bi-product. For instance, Charles G—D—Roberts, than whom there is no better man in the trade, first sells the Magazine right of a poem. Then he has it set to music and sells the singing privilege to one person, and the right to publish the song to another. Next he reads the poem in public, himself; later he adapts it for advertising Cottolene, and finally uses it in a book.

A yacht is in the harbor — excellent model, splendid build, silken sails, rigging the very best — a cup winner.

A junk man comes along and his eyes twinkle as he spies the brass trimmings and rips them off; a ragman appropriates the sails and running rigging; a gang of wood-pickers appear and make kindling of the hull. That's the way some folks regard character.

Certain visitors were once importuning Ali Baba with questions as to the alleged greatness of a certain author. Now Ali Baba is loyal to his love—friendship to him is a sacred thing that is never sullied by the breath of doubt.

“Is he really a great writer—is he?” said the Baba in scorn of the question. “Why, he can write things so smart that me, nor you, nor nobody can make head or tail out of 'em.”

In a certain booklet, issued by Dr. S. S. Curry, teacher of elocution, the statement is made that there is not a single instance of an elocutionist ever having succeeded as a lawyer. In fact, the better a man can elocute the more cases he loses before the jury. And he who rolls his r's and gesticulates in curves before the judge, is lost—at least his motions are.

This is as it should be. Edward Everett of Harvard, was a man of the highest culture—so-called. With it all he posed, spoke in guttural,

**THE PHI-
LISTINE**

pointed his index finger, showed the whites of his eyes and clasping his hands roared so that he did often fright the ladies. He knew all about semi-tonics, slides, aspirates, orotunds and head-tones. Once he was "the speaker of the day" at the battlefield of Gettysburg; it took him two hours to deliver the speech he had memorized. A man named Lincoln followed him and spoke for just three minutes. Everett's speech was forgotten the day it was delivered but Lincoln's is deathless. And so it is not art but heart that wins the wide world over.

Men who are threatened usually die of old age.

No man can be considered great who does not move until he is pushed.

Fashion is a barricade behind which men hide their nothingness.

Sin is perverted power, and the man without capacity for sin has no ability to do good—is n't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither amœba nor fish, neither noxious bacilli nor useful life.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I am as other men are.

If you have not reached the point where you perceive that two propositions, exactly opposed to each other, may both be true you have yet something to learn. **THE PHILISTINE**

Let us acknowledge that in every religion, no matter how perverted by superstition, there is at the bottom a fundamental verity. The dogmas of "conviction" and "regeneration" have in them the germ of truth.

Time is the great avenger as well as educator; only the education is usually deferred until it no longer avails in this incarnation, and is valuable for advice — and nobody wants advice.

Death-bed repentances may be legal tender for Salvation in another world, but for this they are below par. And regeneration that is postponed until the man has no further capacity for sin is little better.

The world treats you as well as you treat it.

How does it happen that man, of all life on the earth, has gotten himself into such a condition that he requires coaxing, coaching, prodding and shooing?

THE PHILISTINE A drunken wise man is sillier than a sober fool.

An old woman who wants her photograph to look like a coy maiden, has forgotten that death is as natural as life.

A man popular with his employees is liked by everybody.

The soul grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. A flash! and a glory stands revealed for which you have been groping blindly through the years.

When you begin to thirst for knowledge, you drink it in. You need not go out for it or away. The ocean of it surrounds us as the atmosphere.

Little men spell things out with sweat and lamp-smoke, but others there be who absorb in the mass, read by the page, and grow great by simply letting down their buckets.

The man at his work! there is nothing finer. I have seen men homely, uncouth and awkward when "dressed up" who were superb when at work.

BUILDING BONES.

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food.

A child will grow up with weak and small bones or strong and sturdy frame, depending on the kind of food given.

☞ That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, or with you if you select the food for a boy or girl.

The scientific selection of this food should begin as early as possible. That's when the delicate little plant needs the tenderest care. A well known lady of Calistoga, Calif., says: "About two years ago my little niece was taken sick. When medical aid was called one physician pronounced the case curvature of the spine; another called it softening of the bones and gave but little hope of her recovery. For weeks she had been failing before her parents thought it anything but trouble from her teething.

☞ "She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, but at last her stomach could retain scarcely anything. At this time she had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone.

"The doctors changed her food several times until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal and her recovery has been wonderful. She has been gaining ever since in strength and weight.

"She has eaten dozens of packages of Grape-Nuts in the last year and a half, and the child is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts.

"It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Glassware

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THE PHILISTINE
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

If anyone hates you,
do not consider
yourself
under obligation
to reciprocate—shirk?

SOVEREIGNS die and Sovereignies: how all dies, and is for a Time only; is a Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real! The Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on,—into Eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with their ships; but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead now needs no combing; Iron-cutter cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shriller Brunhilda have had out their life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. Neither from that black Tower de Nesle descends now darkling the doomed gallant, in his sack, to the Seine waters; plunging into Night: for Dame de Nesle now cares not for this world's gallantry, heeds not this world's scandal; Dame de Nesle is herself gone into Night. They are all gone; sunk,—down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the rampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever. —*Carlyle*

A List of Books

FOR SALE AT OUR SHOP

BELOW is a list of books, some of which have almost disappeared from mortal view. The volumes are all bound roycroftie, and are offered to the Discerning at the prices quoted. The Roycrofters are always glad to send their wares for inspection. Therefore, no matter where you reside, drop us a postal saying what books you would like to see, & they will go forward.

Aucassin & Nicolette, \$2.00	Story of a Passion,	\$2.00
Will o' the Mill, 2.00	Golden River,	2.00
Old John Burroughs, 2.00	Christmas Eve,	2.00
A Christmas Carol, 2.00	Self-Reliance,	2.00
Poe's Poems, 2.50	Maud,	2.00
Rubaiyat, 5.00	Dreams,	5.00
Contemplations, 5.00	Hamlet,	5.00
Garcia and Thirteen, 2.00	Lodging for the Night,	2.00
Little Journeys, accord-	Philistine, Vols. XI to	
ing to binding, \$2, \$3 & 5.00	XV, inclusive, each,	1.00

The Roycrofters
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

MAN'S body is a product of the soil—we all come out of the ground, and that we are made from "clay" is literally true. Take a healthy body and eliminate certain elements, and the man is ill; get too much lime in his bones and he grows "old"—a man forty-three died the other day in Columbus, died of old age. Nature's remedy is in Mineral Springs. The Premier Springs at Benton Harbor, Mich., contain every element that goes to make up the human body. Through a simple plan of baths with this water your body will absorb what it needs, and this wondrous water will dissolve and expel what is a menace in your system. It seems to cure where all else fails. Send for Circulars to

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we will present, **FREE OF CHARGE**, a fac simile manuscript of his famous poem, "*The Birthplace of Burns*," now hanging in the Burns cottage at Ayr. Send postal to

Dresden Publishing Co., New York City

An Open Letter

East Aurora, Feb. 5, 1903.

THE STARR PIANO CO.,

Richmond, Indiana.

Q In the Roycroft Shop we have nine pianos, representing five different manufactories. These instruments cost us, each, from three hundred to eight hundred dollars. Three of our pianos are STARRS, and these we have used long enough and hard enough to thoroughly test their worth and quality. One of my employees came in yesterday and asked for advice about buying a piano. I said, "My suggestion is that you hitch your ambitions to a STARR!" So that is what I think of your pianos and I do not care who knows it.

Fraternally yours,

ELBERT HUBBARD.

NO COMPETITION:—There are two ways to get away from competition. One is to make a cheaper article and undersell the other fellow; and the other is to make a better article than the other fellow does or can. The public is not slow to recognize genuine merit, and has always been willing to reward the man who can serve it best. H. J. Heinz Co. make fifty-seven varieties of table delicacies. All these articles are sightly, palatable, nutritious and hygienic. In their preparation science and art have combined, and the result is **NO COMPETITION**

A Placid Certainty

of a fixed sum of money for your family is a much better sensation than to have no reliance other than upon exceptional, casual, irregular, doubtful or undecided assets, or possibilities. NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Montpelier, Vt. Half a hundred years old, doing business in thirty-five states, invites correspondence.

Philistines! YOU know that most good things are passed by most people—70,000,000 ought to take this magazine, over 100,000 do. Thousands ought to take our course in ophthalmology, hundreds have. Some come who are refused admission because they do not come up to our standard. Ours is a medical school without drugs or surgery. We treat successfully 85 per cent of all human ills. Nature does the curing. You have common sense, hence we address you. We have an honorable, lucrative profession for you.

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(burned in the enamel)
NO has ever been found in the enamel of
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TO BE YOUR
BROTHER'S
KEEPER IS
VERY EXCEL-
LENT—
PROVIDED YOU
DO NOT CEASE
TO BE
HIS FRIEND



THE other day a man said to me, "There are men who do their work so masterly and well that they monopolize things in their line by divine right." I thought of this the last time I was in Grand Rapids. One man owns and operates the "Morton House" and "The Pantlind." The first named is run on the American plan and the second on the European. I know the hotels of the United States and Europe pretty well, but I never knew a hotel man who maintained a better system, more perfect order, gave as much good cheer, and all that makes for comfort and health, than does Boyd Pantlind, Philistine-at-Large. His clerks and lieutenants are full of the same spirit — the spirit of helpfulness that is never fussy, but gets the thing done. Here's to the man who is on to his job!

JOHN.

PERHAPS you would like to see the 1902
Roycroft Catalog.

It contains a reprint of that January Cosmopolitan article, telling about the Shop and Things; also some pictures of the workers, buildings, bindings, etc. A postal will fetch it.

Health may bring wealth; but
wealth will not bring health.

Niles, Mich., Feb. 5th, 1903.

Editor "Philistine":

I subscribed for a "Life Membership" last week, and the First Package of Choice Stuff, with Vibrations, arrived yesterday. That you may know that the Vibrations are efficacious, I will explain that I ate sixteen buckwheat cakes for breakfast and then went out and made Forty-two dollars in a little Business Transaction. In the afternoon I went fishing on the ice and caught thirty-seven perch.

In the evening I read my chapter in "Contemplations," thanked God that I am as other men are, ate half a mince pie and went to bed. I dreamed that I died and went to East Aurora. I never slept more peacefully, and awoke refreshed and rejuvenated, thinking I was in Barnum's circus, and sighing for more worlds to conquer.

Yours fraternally,

REV. EUGENE C. DANA.

THE INCOMPARABLE TRAGEDY OF

H a m l e t

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



THIS is a trifle—the best piece of book-making the Roycrofters have ever done. The page is 8x10, the paper Roycroft water-mark, hand-made. The type is the “Bruce Roman,” cut in 1835 and forgotten until yesterday when we dug it up. The borders, head-bands and ornaments were made by Sammy the Artist, and the whole designed and laid out by our Mr. Andrew Andrews. It is a severely plain, yet elegant piece of work, of which we are rather proud. It was a year in the making.

Bound in boards, leather backs, \$5.00

A few on Japan Vellum, \$25.00

Sent to the Elect on suspicion : drop a postal.



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- (3) One each of every bound volume (two a year) of **THE PHILISTINE** as they appear.
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- (6) **Success, Health and Love Vibrations**, sent daily by the Pastor of Ali Baba. Address

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I would rather
appreciate the
things I do not
have than to
have things I do
not appreciate



